

PERIODICALS READING ROOM
(Humanities and Social Sciences)

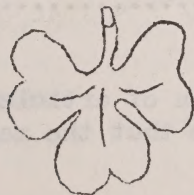
HV
8301
D5
1968
March

The

D
I



D



M
A
R
C
H

THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and published by the men of Collins Bay Penitentiary, with the sanction of Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan MacLeod.

It is the aim of THE DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics and to help bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public, as well as to provide the inmate population of the prison with a medium for creative expression.

WARDEN

J.H. MEERS

DEPUTY WARDEN

R.H. Duff

ASST. DEPUTY WARDEN (C)

C. H. Allen

ASST. DEPUTY WARDEN (IT.)

W. Rynasko

EDITORIAL BOARD

Asst. Deputy Warden (IT.)

W. Rynasko

Asst. Warden (O&A)

A.J. Doerksen

Related Training Instr. (Ed.)

E.J. Stevenson

.....
DIAMOND LIASON OFFICER.....E.J. Stevenson
RTI (Ed.)

Permission for republication of articles appearing in the DIAMOND is granted with the proviso that the magazine be credited.

Volume 18 ----- Number 2 ----- March 1968

EDITORIAL STAFF

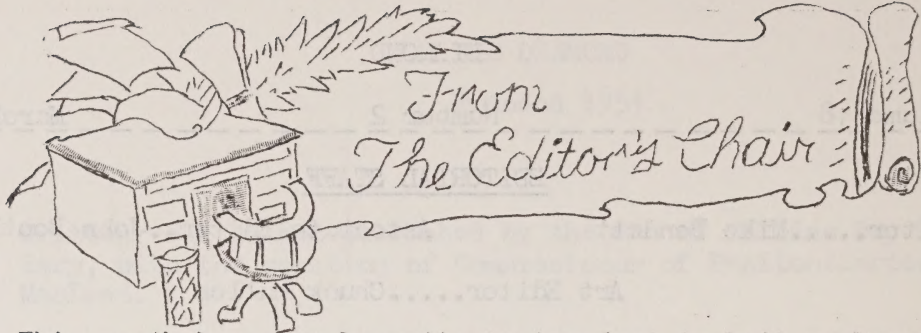
Editor.....Mike Bondett Associate Editor..John Bootle
Art Editor.....Chuck Mullen

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Don Bailey George Pilarskis "Beastie"

Contents

	<u>PAGE</u>
From the Editor's Chair	2
Mission	3
Editorial: Talent Hunt in Prison	5
Opinion	7
Rennie McGriesh	9
Sports	15
Who Wants To Hire a Thief?	16
Crossword	18 & 19
Did You Know?	20
Poetry	21
Read What Others Say	24
Final Revenge	27
Deuces	30
Parade of Laffs	31.
Books	32
Music	34
Crossword Puzzle Answers	36



This month has gone by entirely too fast to suit me because it seems like we just put the last paper out and here it is printing time again. One good thing about last month's magazine was the response we had concerning it. There were quite a few people who submitted suggestions and material for the magazine. While we cannot use everything at once it is appreciated and will be printed as soon as possible. I hope the response remains as good in the future, or preferably increases in the future.

We have made quite a few changes, dropping some features and adding others. One column that will be brief this month is the Sports column seeing as the writer has gone back to the cold cruel outside and left us without a reporter. Have to go out and find someone else soon, because while the floor hockey season is almost over it is nearly time for baseball and with the weather we've been having lately it should be a bit sooner than usual.

We have an article in this issue on the Mission held in the Protestant Chapel in February. There was also a Mission held in the Catholic Chapel, however, it was held too late to enable us to write about it in this issue. It will be covered next month.

Most of the art work this month has been done by the Associate Editor seeing as our regular artist is going out soon and felt that he wouldn't be able to give us all the time needed for him to do the drawing. We are going to do a bit of switching around, Chuck Mullen is going to take over the Art Editor's position and John Bootle is going to put his hand to work at the job of Associate Editor. Things have been a little hectic around here with all the little hang-ups but like they say busy hands are happy hands. See how they have brain washed me. Next thing you know I will be getting the paper out on time. It would be nice and now that the staff is looking to be fairly permanent it is quite possible that this will happen.

MISSION

XIX

There was a Mission held in the Protestant Chapel here from February 4th to the 8th with Reverend Nicolas Stacey of England as guest speaker.

Rev. Stacey has been Rector of Woolwich for the past six years and Dean of the London Borough of Greenwich for a year. Mr. Stacey is the leading clergy in the controversial Southwark Diocese and has at times become quite a controversial figure himself. He has appeared many times on television and radio and he writes periodically for the national newspapers.

While here at Collins Bay, Rev. Stacey's lectures were well attended and he proved to be an interesting and informative speaker. On the first three days he generally spoke for about an hour and had a question period which lasted roughly an hour and served to create a bit closer feeling than the usual one of a minister to a congregation. On the last day Mr. Stacey dispensed with a lecture and had a question and answer period where he attempted to answer any questions asked him and there didn't seem to be too many people who were dissatisfied with his answers.

His lectures ran the gamut from religion and its alternatives, to such topics of the day as the present day "keeping up with the Joneses situation", homosexuality, the hippies, and he also discussed the effects these various ways of life are having on humanity in general.

Everyone who attended these sessions seemed to come away interested in what had been said and also in many cases surprised that a minister could speak in such a way as to reach them and put his points across without seeming to be talking down to his audience.

Perhaps Rev. Stacey's best help in reaching the audience came through the fact that he is basically a non-conformist and is not bound strictly by the old views regarding the position of the church and people's attitude towards Jesus and God. He feels that the

Church is for the people and if the people won't come to the Church as it is, then the Church must go to them or else change somewhat in order to suit the people. This attitude when speaking to an audience of non-conformists certainly helped him in gaining the audience's attention, as it seemed more like someone very much like themselves talking rather than some distant theology speaking minister attempting to force his views on them. Most of those present felt that the ways of the Church are out-dated and that a change more towards what Rev. Stacey advocates would be more in line with the times.

Interspersed at intervals between Rev. Stacey's speaking, there was a group, organized by Padre Nash, which sang a number of hymns using folk song tunes for the music. This a practice which is becoming more prevalent in churches today and it certainly adds an appealing air of freshness and life to a religious service. The inmates who did this put forth a fine effort in doing this and on very short notice. It is hoped that this may become a common practice in the church and if kept up on a regular basis will definitely prove an interesting addition to regular services.

The Mission as a whole proved to be very interesting and informative and can certainly be considered a success. Rev. Stacey was an excellent speaker and greatly enjoyed. It was quite an experience to listen to a man such as him give his views on life and also to listen to his opinions regarding others views.

The Mission went over very well with those in attendance and it would be nice to have more such Missions with speakers of Rev. Stacey's calibre.

* * * *

The vilest deeds like poison weeds

Bloom well in prison air;

It is only what is good in Man

That wastes and withers there:

* * * *

EDITORIAL

TALENT HUNT IN PRISON

There is a remarkable quest for talent going on at the medium security Leclerc Institute section of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary outside of Montreal.

Mrs. Kay Lines, an artist and industrial designer from Westmount is the leading personality in this search. She is the founder of the Creative Awards Association, a group that aims to tap the latent creative talents of convicts. Mrs. Lines explains the philosophy of Creative Awards in the form of a syllogism: A. Non-conforming people are usually creative. B. Criminals are non-conforming. C. Therefore, criminals may be creative. In an effort to unearth these talents, Mrs. Lines and MP Gerard Pelletier, a director of the group, met with region prison directors last year and told them of their plan to sponsor a program of awards and competitions to stimulate creativity within Canadian prisons. They were permitted to launch the program on a small scale at Leclerc Institute and have since received permission to expand to another prison at Cowansville.

Since the program has become accepted by the inmates, a large number are beginning to wonder what they can give to society, instead of what they can take. This for a Canadian prison is real progress.

"A trapped man should be given a chance of getting out of his trap," says novelist Hugh MacLennan, who is a director of the group. "I don't care what sociologists say - this is a personal and humanitarian thing. If it helps rehabilitate only a dozen men, that's enough for me."

More than a dozen men have been helped so far. Most are still

serving their sentences while a few have been released. There are now many hardened bank robbers, rapists, arsonists, and F.L.Q. terrorists engaged in creative work which they enjoy. A large number of men, previously confused as to what direction their lives should take are now finding a new direction in life.

C Courses are taught by volunteer instructors in a variety of subjects such as creative writing, painting, music, general semantics, great books, and theatre. In addition, as an added inducement to use their talents, inmates may compete for cash awards of up to \$100, with the money credited to their accounts to help them on their release.

In an effort to accustom the men to a reasonably normal life, as far as circumstances allow, Mrs. Lines has arranged special entertainments to give the inmates a glimpse of a normal existence.

As Dr. Raymond Boyer of McGill's Forsenic Clinic says, "It's not a question of rehabilitating prisoners. Rather it's a question of 'habilitating' them. Many simply never had a chance in the first place."

So far this idea seems to have worked out well, with no ill effects. It is to be hoped that the idea will be incorporated across Canada and thus give the inmates of the penitentiaries something to work for and enable them to help themselves.

* *

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is a condensation of one appearing in the March issue of Maclean's magazine this year. Any inmate wishing to read the article in its' entirety will find the magazine in the library.

* *

And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope.

* *

A mistake is proof that somebody tried anyhow.

* *

O P I N I O N

by George Pilarskis

Lack of communication, organization, narrow-mindedness, and apathy within the population of Collins Bay Penitentiary were the subjects of an editorial in last month's DIAMOND. The editorial was honest and well-written. However, it dealt only with the symptoms and not with the causes of the ailment. The editor was guilty of shadow-boxing. Surely he must be aware that until the underlying causes of these problems are brought to light, little can be done to find a cure.

First let us look at this problem of communication. We all know that today's youth no longer accepts the values and beliefs of their parents. Son and daughter have very little to say to Mom and Dad. Why? Well largely because the present generation is a product of an electrical age while their parents are the products of an obsolete mechanical age. The older inmates in the penitentiary reflect this now vanished mechanical society. The youth in jail reflect the electric age. It is absurd to expect communication between these two groups without a major change in one of them.

The second area we shall look at concerns the fragmentation of the inmate population. Our editor has stated, "inmates as a whole tended to stick together in a body, with the same ideas, values, and with a stricter code." He goes on to point out that this has all changed. To learn why this has happened we will study briefly the situation in World War II prisoner of war camps.

The men in these camps often organized their own activities - from teaching each other to physical exercise programmes to planning escapes. The morale was usually quite high. Now the question arises, what held these men together? The answer is simple. Discipline and an inherited command structure. These two major assets were used to get the group to work together for the benefit of each member of the group. Of course we must remember that this chain of command and discipline were also used to effect escapes and create difficulties for the camp authorities.

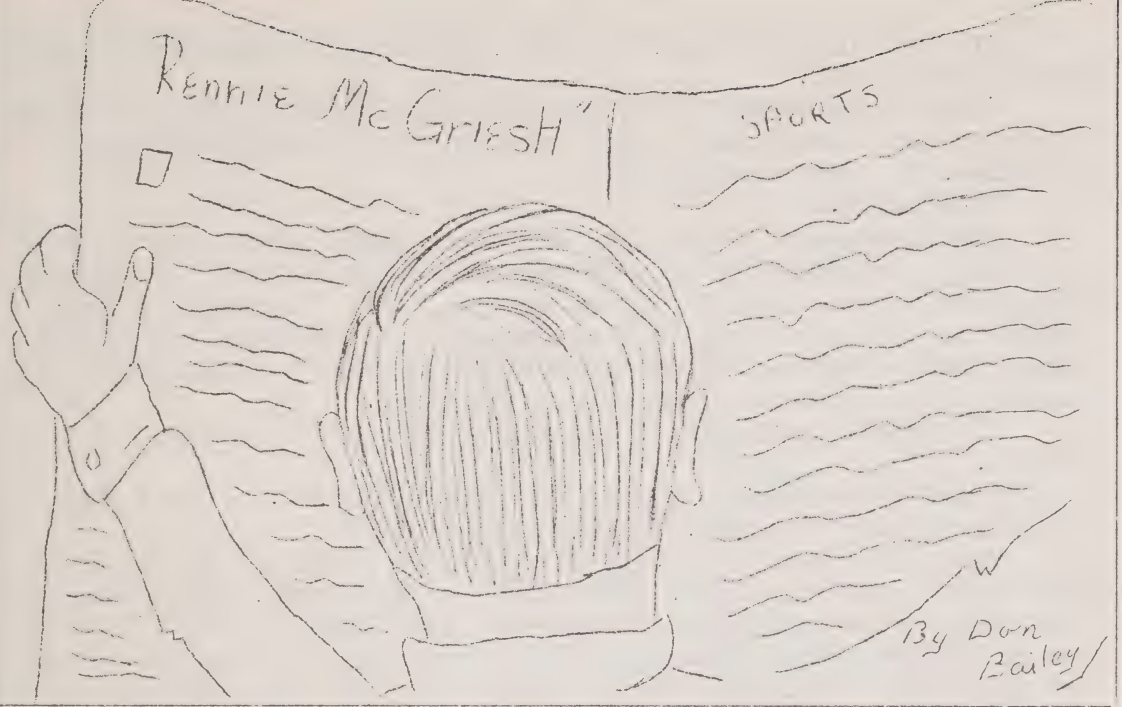
From the P.O.W. camps experiences we can see that to get the population of Collins Bay to stick together and develop similar values, organization and discipline are necessary. And yet neither of these are possible. Why? Well as we mentioned before, organization is a weapon as well as a useful tool. At present there could be no guarantee from the inmates that it would be used only for constructive purposes. You would not give a loaded gun to someone who might turn it on you. In fact we are very lucky to have a sports and recreation committee with its limited power. Since organization is out what about discipline you may ask. Well personally I do not believe that the inmate population in general would voluntarily submit itself to the discipline that would be demanded.

Summing up we can say that narrow-mindedness and apathy seem to result in an inmate society where communication is low and where there is no organization to weld everyone together. We as inmates do not communicate effectively or work together. These appear to be the main problems facing a prison society and perhaps, to some extent, society in general.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I have to agree with the author of this article about the fact that I was "shadow-boxing" as he puts it. The reason behind the editorial was that of casting some light upon the present situation. I felt, and still feel that there wasn't much need for going deeply into the causes of this situation unless the inmate body was willing enough and interested enough to try and do something about the present set-up. From the response so far there doesn't seem much point as other than this printed article above and one other letter I have heard nothing from any of the other inmates.

I could use this space to argue against a few points made in the above article however, on the whole I agree with it and seeing as perhaps it will give some people food for thought I will let it stand as it is with only one thing to say.

I personally, still feel that if the inmates themselves chose to take the time and effort needed to change some of their ways this penitentiary, in fact all penitentiaries where this situation arises, could become much better places to serve time in.



Just yesterday I was skimming through the newspaper, when suddenly a name leaped out from the page and left me dumbfounded by its familiarity. Rennie McGriesh, a name connected with a person I had not thought of in ten years, but who once was the closest friend I ever had. We attended D.B. Hood Public School together way back before the days Toronto had reached the million population mark. I didn't make his acquaintance though, until the third grade, when after the desk arrangements had been made by the teacher, I found myself seated beside him. He immediately showed his appreciation for my presence by hitting me in the ear with a paper clip shot from a rubber band.

"Hey," was the only retort I could think of.

"Oh, heay," he blustered, his sharp chin juttet out defiantly.

"Ya wanna make somefin outa it?"

But I guess the teacher, Miss Springle, a waspish, dried up old spinster overheard our hissing and she interrupted by crashing a yardstick down against her desk top.

"Rennie McGreish," she shrieked. "Stand up." Which he did, smiling benignly. "What mischief are you into now young man?"

"I ain't done nothin'," he said, his freckle dotted face beaming angelically.

"Rennie McGriesh, I've been warned about you by your previous teachers and I warn you, I won't tolerate any of your nonsense in my class. Is that understood?"

"Yes mamam."

"Oh yes Rennie, before you sit down, would please repeat your reply to my question as to what you were doing before," her faded, pristine face wore a hideous grimace, that I suppose represented the closest thing to a smile she could produce. She waited, while the classroom tittered nervously and Rennie's bland smile turned into a puzzled frown of concentration.

"I guess I just said, I ain't done nothin'" he managed to mumble.

"Ain't young man is a word that doesn't exist. I never want to hear you say it again. Is that understood?"

"No ma'm I sure don't. My ole man says ain't and my ole lady says ain't. Ain't is ain't. There ain't no more beer. Harry Lumley ain't gonna win the Vezina Trophy this year. That's ain't." A pixie grin accentuated the success he felt at this explanation. Most of my classmates giggled uncontrollably now, but Miss Springle stood silent, her face a mask of mottled rage. Regaining her composure, she directed herself to him in almost whispered tones.

"You will never, never and I repeat for your thick skull, never ever say ain't in my classroom again. Is that clear?"

"Yes Ma'm."

"Then say it," she bellowed like a demented Bull Moose.

"Say what?" he asked innocently.

"Say I will never again say ain't in Miss Springle's class, and the rest of you be quiet," she roared.

Silence.

And then, "I ain't ever gonna say ain't in Miss Springle's class no more."

She put him in the hallway until recess and when he returned later in the day, she simply ignored him and continued to make this her policy for the rest of the year. He returned the gesture and they got along splendidly. In those days before the tranquilizer pill, I have often hoped for their sake, that Miss Springle and her fellow teachers were not Temperance people, because God knows they had earned a good stiff belt at days end after enduring Rennie and his fellow students, myself included.

When the recess bell rang, I rushed out to the school yard, a

prawling area of tarred pavement and was met at the door by Rennie himself.

"Whatcha got there?" he asked belligerently.

"An alley board," I replied.

"Oh yeah! Is she any good?"

"Are you kiddin'. It's the best one in school. My Dad made it himself."

"Well it ain't no good 'less ya get 'er set up and git guys ta shoot at 'er."

"I'm gonna."

"I'll help ya if ya want," he said and his voice had turned strangely shy.

"Sure," I answered and the bargain was struck. I recall, we worked our way through the frenzied little people until we located a free slot along the wall, where the other alley board operators had set up. Competition to get players to shoot at each board was keen. The owners all shouted the various merits of their board and each claimed that he gave the biggest pay-off. Some even had shills; that would occasionally jump up and whoop with delight, that they had just shot an alley through the ten hole pay-off for the third time. None of them however compared to Rennie McGriesh for ingenuity.

"Com'on over here," he screamed as loud as his raucous voice would allow. "First three shots free. When ya win, ya got your choice a the best agates and cats eyes around. Double for the center hole." Propaganda, most of which was a lie and when now and then someone would point these falsehoods out to him, he would turn on them, pale blue eyes flashing and say; "Ya wanna make somefin outa it?" Although he never stood much over five feet, even at maturity and was much smaller than, probably weighing seventy pounds or less, I never saw anyone accept this challenge. Perhaps the blazing tangle of red hair and the small pinched face with the hard beady eyes warned them, that within it's small confines lurked a giant killer. Anyway our alley business prospered with no violent incidents and with it our strange friendship flourished. Later in the Fall, we held the Chestnut breaking championship between us, but in class, we never exchanged a word or even a look. In the winter after it became too cold for chestnut cracking or playing allies we formed a partnership to collect Hockey Cards. When Spring arrived, we joined the Baseball team, but in these activities, he was reticent for the most part and con-

tent to be just involved in things with me. The class-room however, was his forum. In it he reigned supreme. The clown, hated by all his teachers and applauded by his classmates, but wasn't it strange, that these same boys and girls who so enjoyed him in class usually avoided him outside it. Except that is on the rare occasion, when a group of them would run up to him and all shout gleefully. "Hey Rennie, make a face like Mrs. Baxter oh? Com'on eh Rennie."

"Ah gowhan," he muttered.

"Com'on Rennie," shouted another. "Do that funny walk like Mr. Blair." And inevitably, he would comply and when they left amidst gales of laughter, I often saw him looking longingly after them with a strangely sad expression on his old man's face.

The years of childhood pass swiftly and so it was that I found myself in grade eight and the last year of public school. Although he was a terrible student, Rennie had never failed a grade and we ended up in the same room for our final year. Our teacher was Miss Jacks, a woman in her early forties with the face of a complacent horse and the voluptuous body of a professional stripper, which she displayed to its fullest advantage in tight fitting suits. She was a shrew and had the shrill voice of an embittered woman that fate has not fulfilled. However, she did have one peculiar habit, which I'm sure Freud would have been interested in. Her class-room was located on the third floor of the building and as is true with most Canadian schools, students had to march in pairs to the tune of military music to their rooms. While all this movement took place each morning, Miss Jacks invariably came out of her class and planted herself, legs wide apart, at the top of the landing and watched the students as they trudged up to her den. Needless to say, most of us males had curiosity enough to look up and we were rewarded with the dubious pleasure of observing Miss Jack's under-garments. Once settled in the class, after the National Anthem had been butchered and the Lord's Prayer had been mumbled by one and all, Rennie would usually comment brightly in his hoarse voice: "Well Miss Jacks, I see yer wearin' blue this mornin'," which must have been confusing to those not in the know, for Miss Jacks always wore a black or brown suit, with a white blouse. She never batted an eye though and for all I know, maybe she derived a vicarious thrill from the knowledge that she was being observed, for she never changed her position at the top of the stairs. However, one day near the end of that term, Rennie pulled a stunt, that very nearly got him expelled.

Late one sultry afternoon, he requested to go to the washroom which was normal since he spent thirty percent of his time there anyway. For some unknown reason though, she refused him. A few minutes later a strange noise was heard in the area of his desk and with her usual inquisitiveness, she walked down to investigate. Apparently annoyed at her refusal, Rennie had taken matters in hand and urinated on the floor beside his desk. Just as she reached his desk and saw his rebuttal to her negative answer, she slipped in the pool of his released discomfort and landed on her derriere in the midst of the puddle. After, when she was reasonably coherent and the bedlam among the students was quelled, Rennie was sent to the Principal and strapped, ten on each hand. I noticed when he returned, everyone in the class scrutinized his face carefully, trying to detect signs of tears. There were none. Miss Jacks went home for the rest of the day and when she returned the next day, her dignity was again intact and it is to her credit, that she never mentioned the incident. However, I did notice that she refrained from wearing that particular brown suit, for the rest of the year anyway.

Grade eight is a year I remember because of the many events that occurred. I took Rennie to my house for the first and last time. My Mother served us an excellent lunch and afterward as we walked back to school, I asked him how he liked her. "Nice," was his only comment. Later that night, I inquired of my Mother what she had thought of my great pal.

"Nice boy," she said flatly, but she never asked me to invite him again, nor did he ask to be invited. The affair left me momentarily confused, but the warm weather had arrived and every summer since I remember I had accompanied my parents to our cottage up north. It suddenly occurred to me that I didn't have an inkling what Rennie did in the summer. Before asking my parents permission I suggested he join me at the cottage for at least a couple of weeks.

"Naw," he grunted. "That stuff ain't for me."

"There's fabulous fishin' up there. Beautiful swimmin'. Girls too" I hinted darkly.

"Aw, who wantsta have anythin' to do with them," he said in disgust. "Nope I'm gettin' a job in the L&P and make some dough." So he never did get up to the cottage and as far as I know he has never left Toronto to this day. I mentioned his refusal to my Mother a few nights later and was surprised when she shook her head knowingly and said: "It's just as well, he would have never fit in anyway."

The last two weeks of school that year were filled with frenzied activity. I got my first crush on a girl by the name of Penny something or other, and it was Rennie who served as mediator in this great

love affair, although it was obvious he found the whole thing repugnant. "Yer nuts wastin' yer time on a scraggy girl," he pouted.

"Didja give her the note?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yeah, an' she says she'll go to the show with ya on Saturday."

"You think she'll let me kiss 'er?"

"Sure, an she'll most likely give ya trench mouth." But he accepted my infatuation stolidly and the last week of school, I ate lunch at his house every day. His mother, a washed out, haggard looking blonde, was given to wearing extravagant and even bizarre costumes such as red slacks and yellow blouses or orange sweaters with purple toreador pants, but she made the best peanut butter sandwiches I've ever tasted. I think I even loved her a little. She gave me my first glass of beer and didn't laugh at me when I choked.

I graduated June 30, and Rennie failed. Our paths divided and it wasn't until four years later that I again met him. It was in the Subway. He still looked the same, hadn't grown much, still just as thin. I remember it was a warm summer morning and he wore a faded pair of jeans and a thick flannel shirt, while on his feet were a pair of dirty tennis shoes. He sat in a corner of the crowded car, a forlorn expression on his sharply etched face and stared dazedly off into space, as people on Subways are prone to do.

"Hey Rennie!" I called. He looked up.

"Holy geez, Joe. Boy, geez Joe." he stammered excitedly and his face had been transformed by a radiant smile. "Goddam Joe, ya sure look awful good. Whaddya doin' these days?"

"Got a job in an office. Insurance. It's not bad. What about yourself?"

"Aw, I gotta job for a crumby Jew."

"Yeah, well what do you do?"

"I Jew 'im, what else?"

I smiled and the subway car came to a screeching halt as it pulled into the Queen St. Station.

"Holy geez," exclaimed Rennie. "This is my stop. I gotta go. See ya. Take 'er easy." And he was gone.

The questions, the many questions I wanted to ask. Was he happy? Did he have a girl? How was the world treating this happy-go-lucky character, who had helped so many students of D.B. Hood School through the tedious, boring days of learning. All these questions were left unanswered and will remain so now, for yesterday I read in the Newspaper, that Rennie McGriesh was run over by a car while walking alone and is now dead.

Sports

Sports news is noticeably slack this month due to the fact that the regular columnist has been released. One thing we still do have though is changes. Since December we have had two changes in the position of Commissioner of Floor Hockey. Gary Sword took over from Norm Address and first thing we knew Gary had made a camp and the new Commissioner, who is doing a fine job, is Max Kelland. With the season almost over it is quite likely that Max will stay on till the end.

The standings as of March 1st are:

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>G.P.</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>	<u>TIED</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
BLADES	27	16	6	5	37
MOHAWKS	27	16	7	4	36
PANTHERS	27	11	13	3	25
RAIDERS	27	6	17	4	16

* *

TOP 10 SCORERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASSISTS</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
PAQUETTE	84	14	98
CRANNEY	43	20	63
O'CONNER	40	14	54
MURRAY	31	12	43
GOULDREAU	30	11	41
BOND	22	16	38
ALLIGOOD	14	18	32
MILLS	19	10	29
SEIPS	21	8	29
VENETTE	17	9	26

* *

Who Wants to Hire A Thief?

by Chuck Millen

This article is directed towards the many employers or prospective employers who have read our ads: "HIRE A PAROLEE" or "HIRE AN EX-CON." Your first thought upon reading this was, in all likelihood, "why should I hire an ex-convict, let someone else do it." If you will stop and think for a moment of what the situation would be, and is for the main, if everyone had the same reaction you would come to realize just how little chance a released prisoner has if he is completely honest about his background.

It seems to be an entirely different matter if a person has just come out of a hospital from a serious illness and is disabled. Then people are willing and anxious to help. A recently released prisoner is in much the same situation as the patient except that he suffers from a form of social and mental illness and not so much a physical illness.

An ex-convict, however, has as great a need for understanding and help as anyone else. Every prisoner who sincerely wants to straighten out needs that first little break to set him on the right road and help him regain an accepted place in society.

Most people and not just those that are in the position of employers, tend to regard all criminals as sick degenerates, unpossessed of a single shred of human decency. But stop and think for a moment how easy it would be for you yourself to gain the title of criminal or ex-con. You could be driving to work or just out for a pleasure cruise and get into an accident with another vehicle or strike and kill a child. It is entirely possible that you would be convicted of motor manslaughter or any number of other criminal charges, convicted and given a penitentiary term. You are now a criminal and upon release are regarded as such and usually when applying for a job you aren't given a chance to

explain the circumstances. Rather, as soon as you mention that you have a record you are told "Sorry there is nothing right now, we'll call if something comes up." Simply being identified as a released prisoner was enough, however, I'm sure that you wouldn't regard yourself as a sick degenerate person but rather as someone who had a bad break, seriously wanted to start over again and only needed a chance. There is a large number of people in prisons through such incidents and an even larger number who, although they have stolen are now looking for a chance to straighten out.

These are a few reasons why it would be a good idea to hire an ex-prisoner. We are not all career thieves. The next time you read our ad or some person across the desk from you applying for a job states "I'm an ex-con," think about this article and the points I've mentioned and give the person a chance to prove himself. In all probability you will be completely satisfied.

* * * *

RESUME

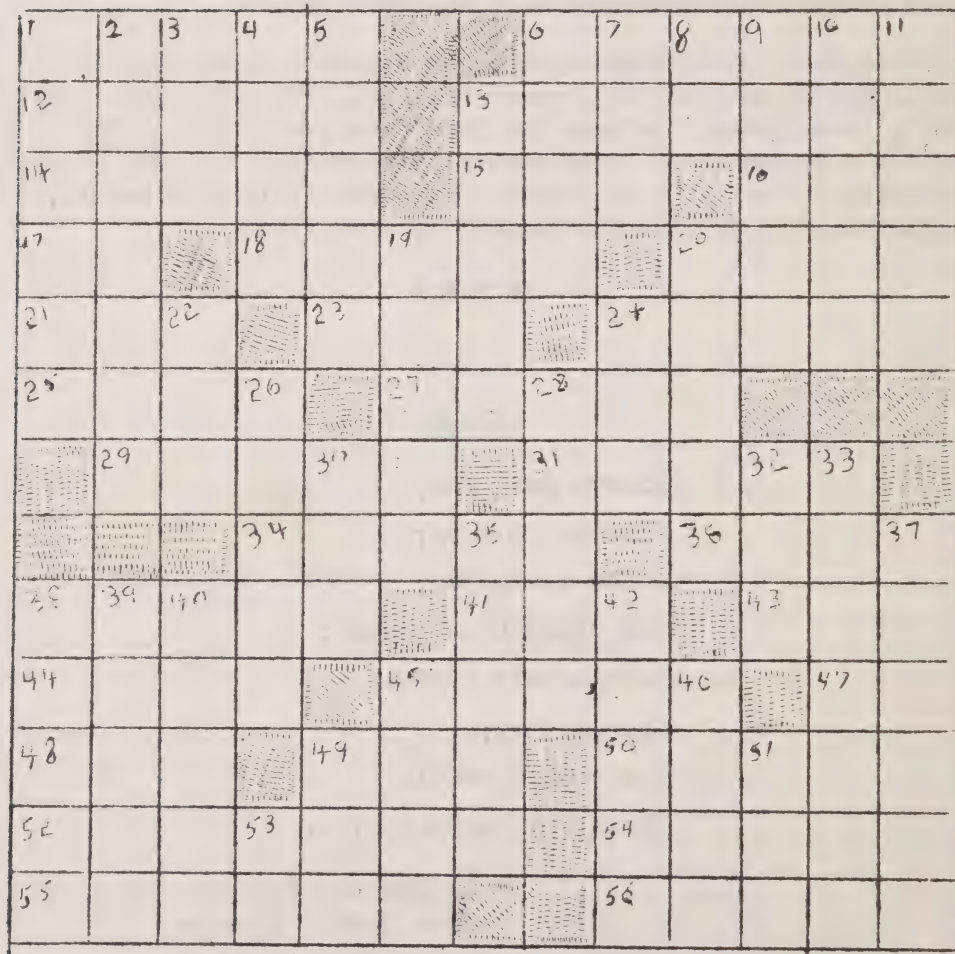
Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp;
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

by Dorothy Parker
from Modern Verses.

* *

To suspect a friend is worse than to be deceived by him.
La Rochefoucauld

CROSSWORD



HIRE AN EX-CON

CROSSWORD PUZZLE QUESTIONS

ACROSS

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Loses balance | 34. Aquatic birds |
| 6. Repeated story | 36. Fruit of blackthorn |
| 12. Heavy-faced type | 38. Card master |
| 13. Flower cluster | 41. Elongated fish |
| 14. Large vessel | 43. Southern constellation |
| 15. To set free | 44. Genus of lily family |
| 16. Vehicle | 45. Species of pepper |
| 17. And (L.) | 47. Sacred to the memory of (abbr.) |
| 20. Not bright | 48. Took cover |
| 21. Mesh fabric | 49. Help |
| 23. Manner | 50. Settlement |
| 24. Marshal | 52. Exacts punishment |
| 25. Run slowly | 54. Cost |
| 27. Genus of pine | 55. Buyer's friend |
| 29. Set of steps | 56. Cut off |
| 31. Rover | |

VERTICAL

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Mute | 26. Claim of right |
| 2. Delays | 28. Displace |
| 3. Hostel | 30. Famous general |
| 4. Wharf | 32. A wing |
| 5. Salary (slang) | 33. Small European rodent (pl.) |
| 6. April incident | 35. Indispensably |
| 7. Terminal point | 37. Religious holiday |
| 8. Note of scale | 38. Laughing sounds |
| 9. Happen | 39. European fruit tree |
| 10. South American animal | 40. Mountaineers song |
| 11. Type of hat | 42. Passes over |
| 13. Asks earnestly | 45. Funeral carriage |
| 19. Membrane covering brain | 46. Fishing aid |
| 20. Dry measure (pl.) | 49. Era |
| 22. Small child | 51. Division (abbr.) |
| 24. Gone | 53. National League (abbr.) |



DID YOU KNOW?

Quicksilver was first used for refining silver ore in 1540. Here all this time I thought that quicksilver was something that the Lone Ranger said to his horse.

Paving with stones was first introduced at Paris in 1186. Actually I think the idea was conceived of by a peasant with eternal life who knew the people were going to rebel in the future.

He wanted to make sure they could find stones to throw.

Heraldry originated in the year 1100.

This was probably started by some man who was tired of people making snide remarks about his ancestry and figured that a good looking crest would lend an air of respectability to his name.

Distilling was first practiced in the year 1150.

Before that there must have been an awful lot of wasted brewing material.

Tobacco was first introduced into England from Virginia, in 1583.

Amazing how hardy the British still are considering the time cancer has had to develop on the island.

Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at Paisley, in Scotland in 1743.

POETS PAGE

EVOLUTION? by R. Millette

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree,
Discussing things like you and me,
Said one to the others, now listen you two,
I hear a rumour that can't be true,
That man has descended from our noble race,
The very idea is a disgrace,
Why? no monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved his children and ruined her life,
And who ever heard of a mother monk,
Leaving her children with others to bunk,
Pushing them off from one to another,
Til' they scarcely know who is their mother.

Another thing you'll never see,
Is a monkey built fence round' a cocoanut tree,
Letting all the cocoanuts go to waste,
Forbidding other monkeys from having a taste,
Why, if I built a fence round' a cocoanut tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from me,
• And another thing a monkey won't do,-----
Go out at night and get in a stew,
• Make a fool of himself, stir up strife,
Or with a gun or a knife take another monks life,
Of course man descended, the ornery cuss,
• But brother he did'nt descend from us!

I LOVE YOU by Billy Kett

Your love one hundred fold I need,
As my love is returned,
Our loves combined, a flaming light,
No stronger ever burned,
Bound firm and fast within the heart of me,
You, golden pleasure of my dreams,
Love makes you mine, a part of me,
Wasted past your love redeems,
Golden the hours we spend alone,
Fresh, glist'ning seeds of memories,
Yet, know at those times we must part,
You're still the beauty of my reverie.



LOCKED AWAY by Ken Brebant

Oh here I stay,
Oh locked away,
For deeds done onto others.

Oh here I lay,
Oh locked away,
For I have lost my mother.

Oh now I'll pay,
Oh locked away,
For I will soon be hoary.

Oh now I'll pray,
Oh locked away,
Cause' now I am so sorry.

Oh it's that day,
Oh locked away,
My lesson I did learn.

Oh if I may,
Cause' I did learn,
Now never will I return.

MEMORIES by S.P. McGuin

I treasure beautiful memories forever,
Oh happy days when we were together,
Like falling leaves the days slip by,
But loving memories never die,
For in my heart you always near,
Sadly missed, still loved, and very dear.



LOVED ONES by S.P. McGuin

It seems so strange that those we need,
And those we love the best,
Are the ones who leave the soonest,
But every time we think of them,
We hear a voice say,
Have faith, you'll meet again some day.



TRANQUILITY by Roger Duguay

Sail your angry sea if you will,
But ask me not to sail with thee,
Of you and him I've had my fill,
Just leave me in tranquility.



THE TRANSIENT by Roger Duguay

He came with the sun,
And went with the moon,
He left not a trace,
Save an old shoelace,
In his dollar room.



THE REBEL by Roger Duguay

His heart is an ocean in turmoil,
Set to spring like a steel wire coil,
From tension gathered from years unknown,
His heart harbours the silent cyclone,
He is a human explosive, his face unmasked,
Until he is touched by the deadly devil spark.



READ WHAT OTHERS SAY

EX-CON TEACHER in W.V. PRISON

In 1965 Waymond F. Riley, a former county superintendent, was sentenced to West Virginia Penitentiary for embezzlement. While serving his time Riley developed an educational program for the inmates - the first fully developed one.

Governor Hulett Smith pardoned Riley last month and made him director of education at the penitentiary.

The 38-year-old ex-con says he hopes to take a prisoner with no education and train him so that within 5 years he will be competent and confident.

THE LENTOR

* * * * *

ICE PICK GOES TO HIS HEAD

MEMPHIS, Tenn. (P.P.) "Somebody had driven a nail into your head," observed the barber while cutting Ernest Wells' hair.

"I don't know where it came from," Wells replied, "but I have been having headaches."

The discovery was made in the barber's chair at the penal farm where Wells was serving time for fighting.

The prisoner was taken to a hospital where an inch-long stem of an ice pick was removed.

THE MENARD TIME

* * * * *

STUDIES SHOW REMOVED TATOOS IMPROVE CHANCES

LONDON, Eng. (P.P.) Tatoo marks are being removed from prisoners to help them reform and improve their employment prospects on release.

About 50 cosmetic surgery operations have been carried out each year in the last six years.

Two recent nation-wide studies conducted by U.S. Navy and a private research firm showed that persons with more than one tatoo were in conflict with the law three times more often than their non-tatooed counterparts.

THE MENARD TIME

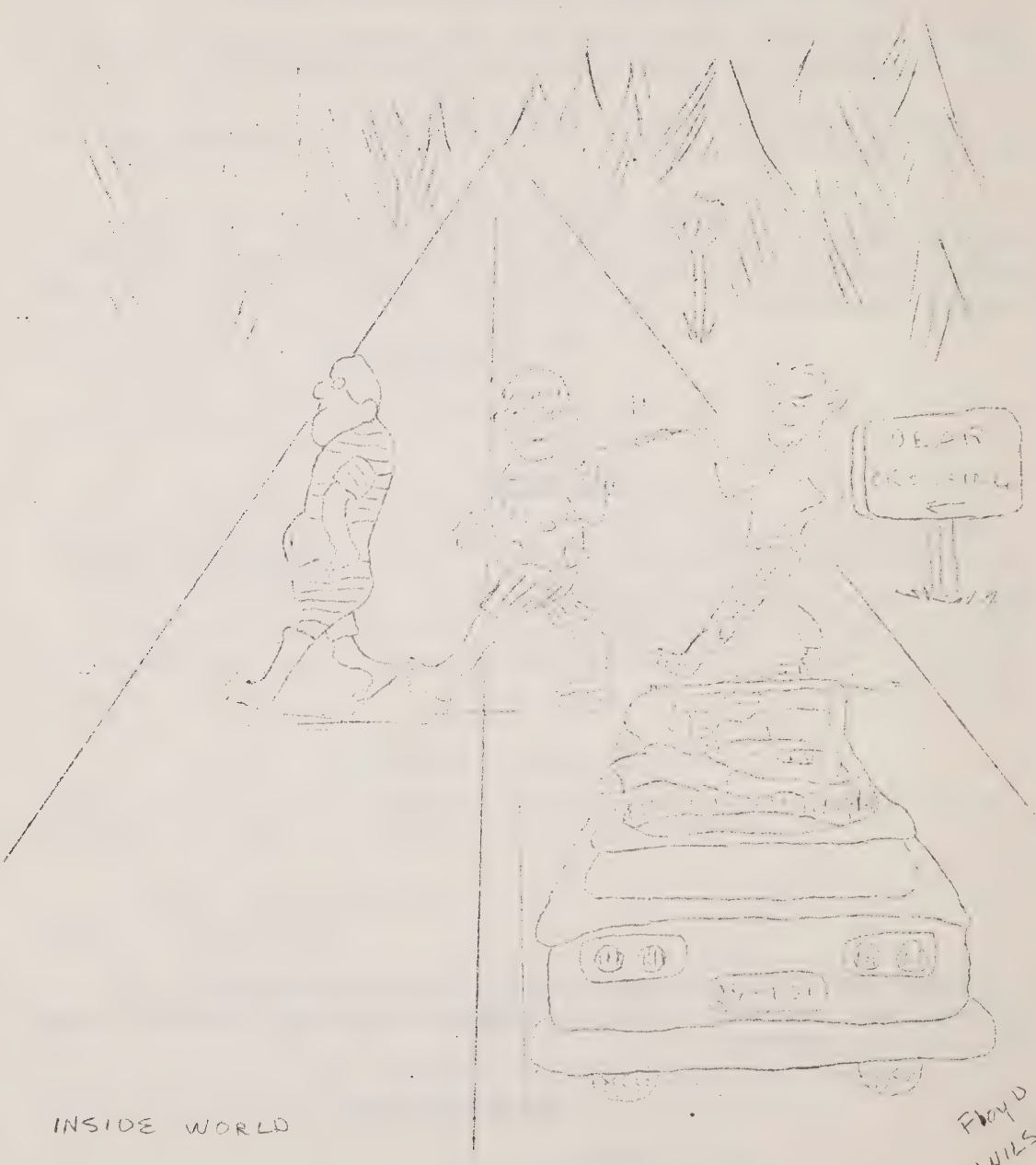
* *

THE FINGER

THESE HERE KOREANS 'n things is gonna git theirselves in whole lot of trouble 'n stuff if 'n they keep takin' AMERICAN SPY SHIPS fer no reason except fer spyin' too close. Spyin' is sorta like SMITCHIN' WITH A BILLION DOLLARS worth of equipment. Any self-respectin' country WOULD GO TO WAR fer bein' falsely accused of the spyin' they do.

SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF FOLKS is willin' to be birds fer their country, some is DOVES 'n some is HAWKS. Jesta very few will go as far as to be CHICKEN.

THE MENARD TIME



INSIDE WORLD

FLOYD
WILSON

FINAL REVENGE

by Chuck Mullen

The tall well-built figure paced restlessly back and forth in his cell.

"What am I going to do?" thought Ron Hans. He looked around the bleak barren cell and became filled with despair. There was nothing in the cell to help and it seemed like there was no way he could escape his fate.

Ron was in solitary confinement due to be shot in exactly three days. Ron Hans had been found guilty of a treasonable act against the Republic by a jury of twelve hand-picked men who had recommended his death. The President had agreed fully with this verdict and had ordered him to be shot in seven days.

Four of the allotted days had passed and now there were only three days left. As Ron paced his cell his mind went back to when this fantastic turn of events had begun.

It started on what at the time appeared to be the beginning of a wonderful evening. While out for a walk on a warm summer evening Ron had come upon two youths burning a flag they had torn off a flag pole. Upon catching sight of Ron the youths quickly abandoned their nefarious task and ran off. Ron had promptly started after them, yelling for them to stop but their youth soon enabled them to outdistance Ron. Seeing that he wouldn't be able to catch them Ron ran back to where the flag was still smouldering and began to put out the remaining flames by stamping on the flag. The fire was all but out when a patrolling policeman came up behind him.

"O.K. comrade, put your hands on the back of your head!" the policeman ordered. Startled Ron began to turn around when everything went black.

The next thing that Ron Hans could remember after that was awaking in a locked cell in the City Police Station filled with aches and pains. The left side of his head where the police officer

had smashed him with his club felt as though it was being assaulted by an army of carpenters all armed with ball peen hammers. The guard outside the door had made a telephone call as soon as he saw that Ron was conscious. Almost immediately a Chief Inspector had appeared who told Ron he was being charged with High Treason and it would go easier on him if he made a voluntary statement. Ron had tried to explain the facts but his insistence upon the truth of his story had only led to a varied barrage of beatings in an effort to shake his story. Finally he had been told that there were two young men who had seen him burn the flag and they would be witnesses at his trial and seeing as he hadn't co-operated things would probably go hard on him. Many weeks of court hearings had followed, ending with his being found guilty and sentenced to death.

At the thought of death Ron's mind came back to the present and he became aware of having only three days, a mere seventy-two hours of life left. He glanced frantically around the cell and was met by the sight of an old wooden table secured to the wall, a steel slat bed, and a toilet of cast iron. There wasn't even anything he could commit suicide with that he could see and this now seemed the only way he could foil his jailer's purpose. He was being watched at all times as the President wanted nothing to happen because he intended to use Han's death as an example to anyone else who rebelled against his authority.

Ron sat on the bed and spent hours picking at the old wooden table and finally succeeded in breaking off a sharp piece of wood shaped like a knife.

"Now I'll show them," he thought, "I'll wait till they get ready to take me out then stab myself." With that he lay down and gazed at the guard in front of his cell who was sitting engrossed in the ballgame coming over his radio which he had brought in for this game. The announcer spoke Spanish, however, Ron understood enough to enable to keep track of the score if nothing more.

The game was tied three to three at the top of the seventh when the game was abruptly interrupted for an announcement which Ron couldn't understand at first. After being given in Spanish the announcement was repeated in French and then English.

"The President of the Republic has fallen down the stairs at his mansion while preparing to leave for the airport," the announcer said. "He has cut himself severely and is now in urgent need of a blood transfusion, however his type of blood is very rare. Anyone having the following blood type is ordered to present himself at the nearest Police Station. The blood type is...."

The sound of the announcer's voice was drowned out by the sound of hysterical laughter as he mentioned the blood type. Ron was rolling about on the floor laughing insanely and holding his midriff. The guard ran over to the cell and demanded to know what was so funny but by this time Ron had gained control of himself and was able to put the guard off with a story of how he had thought of a funny joke. Satisfied, the guard went back to his seat and Ron walked to the back of his cell and stashed the piece of wood in his clothing.

The announcement regarding the President came on the radio again that night with the added fact that the President wouldn't live another night if he didn't receive a transfusion immediately and so far no-one had been found with the required type. Ron fell into another fit of laughter but not quite so noisily as before and he soon gained control of himself.

The next morning Ron arose early and promptly asked the new guard how the President was. The guard told him that the President had died at three a.m. in the morning. Upon hearing this Ron told the guard to go and get the prison warden as he wished to see him immediately. While the guard was phoning the warden's office Ron took his sharp wood splinter from hiding and put it in his pocket.

The Warden entered the guard room shortly and stopped in front of the grille to Ron's cell.

"I'm going to cheat your phoney society," Ron said, "I've already killed your rotten President because you see I have the blood type he needed so badly. I'd rather see it run on the floor of this cell than take the chance of it's being used to help save someone like him!" With this Ron produced his wooden splinter and held it over his heart.

"There's no use trying to stop me 'cause you can't get in here

soon enough," Ron cried. "I've fixed your President and now I'm going to see that he isn't the one whose orders are responsible for my death."

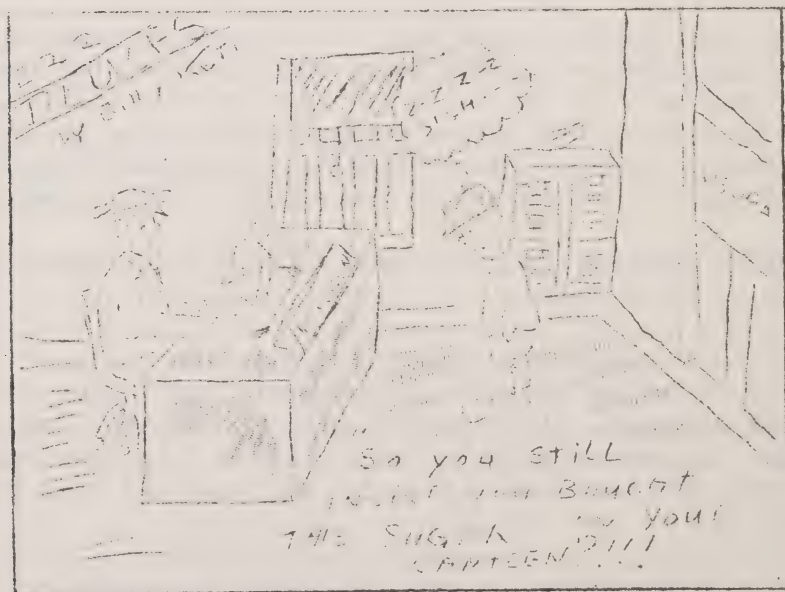
Ron drove the wooden knife into his chest and collapsed on the floor with his blood spreading in a dark crimson pool beneath him.

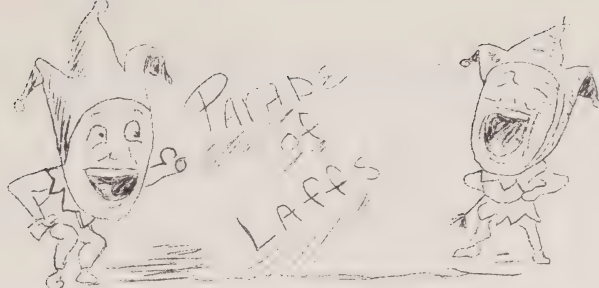
Ron Hans' blood, blood that could have saved the life of a President, the leader of a country lay drying on a dirty cell floor. Ron Hans was innocent but through dishonesty and tyranny had to die. His only consolation was that of having upset the plans of the society that convicted him and therefore he died with a smile on his lips.

* *

He that has no fools, knaves, or beggars in his family, was begot by a flash of lightning.

* *





The mama broom and the papa broom were surprised when they found a little whisk broom running around their house.

"I can't understand it," commented the mama broom, "we've never even swept together."

* *

Joe went into the bank to cash the cheque he had received from the Finance Co. When he handed it to the teller she looked puzzled and said: "I know what the first X is for, but what are the two X's for underneath?"

"The first one is my signature," explained Joe, "The other two X's are the signatures of the two Newfoundlanders that co-signed for me."

* *

A friendly and inquisitive neighbourhood grocer in Northern Ontario had a new customer - a hippy. The hippy was unwashed, bare-foot and sported a matted beard. His hair was matted and he was dressed in the usual assortment of odd clothing, with the addition of psychodelic beads, bangles, and flowers.

"Where you from?" asked the astonished grocer.

While trying to stifle a yawn, the hippy answered, "Earth."

* *

Two drunks went tearing down the street in a high-powered Chrysler at better than ninety miles an hour.

"Whow! This is awful," cried the one seated alongside the driver. "I can't take it anymore."

"Okay, the," replied the driver. "Just close your eyes like I'm doing."

* *



I still haven't found a regular reviewer so you will have to put up with my reviews for another month at least. I'll try to keep a fairly well-balanced column by reviewing books in as widely varied fields as possible. Of course this is restricted also because there are quite a few excellent books which I have no interest in reading myself or else haven't yet found time to read. Each month there will be a listing of books which I feel are worth reading and if anyone finds a book he enjoys through this list I will feel it was worthwhile.

HORNBLOWER AND THE CRISIS by C.S. Forester

This is the last volume of Hornblower tales and contains two short stories never published as a book before and also the unfinished novel which was interrupted by Forester's death. Both short stories are interesting and very well written as much any story from the pen of C.S. Forester be.

The novel is set in the time six months or so before the Battle of Trafalgar. It starts out with Hornblower being relieved of his command and on his way back to England with no prospects of a new command in sight. The story of how he arrives back in England is a hero and subsequently devises a plan to force Admiral Villeneuve out of the harbour at Ferrol and force him to fight the British Fleet proves to be very exciting.

Even though uncompleted the novel is exciting and the story stops at a point where anyone having read Forester's work can easily foresee the probable ending he had in mind.

THE RULE OF THE DOOR and
OTHER FANCIFUL REGULATIONS by Lloyd Biggle Jr.

This is an entertaining assortment of short science fiction

tales. Altogether there are nine stories in this collection, each one expressing various moods and themes.

One of the better stories in the book is "The Rule of the Door" concerning an alien psychologist and how he is affected by exposure to the inhabitants of a small town on Earth.

"The Perfect Punishment" is another excellent tale and offers an appealing solution to punishment of crime - if you know the reasoning behind the courts sentencing. Unless you read the story you'll be at a loss.

"Wings of Song" is the final tale in the book and it serves to point out how easily things which once considered important will be forgotten in the future.

All in all an interesting collection from the pen of a gifted science fiction author.

BOOK LIST

Mila 18	Leon Uris
The Dog Who Wouldn't Be	Farley Mowat
The Source	James Michener
The Last Hurrah	Edwin O'Connor
The Doomed Oasis	Hammond Innes
All But My Life	Stirling Moss
Scarmouche	Rafaël Sabbatini
The Silver Chalice	Thomas B. Costain
Night Without End	Alistair McLean
Magnificent Obsession	Lloyd C. Douglas
Gone With the Wind	Margaret Mitchell

* * * *

If man sprang from monkeys he ought to spring once more and make it a safe distance.

Music

THE BEASTIE



Trura-lura-lura, sure 'tis like a breath of spring--That's what it is like too, cats, what with good old St. Patrick's Day and the first day of spring all coming right around the same time. The only complaint I have is one about the air waves being filled with nearly all Irish songs, for while 'tis nice to hear, some are hard on the ear. My favourite is "The Unicorn Song" by the Irish Rovers and that sure doesn't have anything to do with St. Paddy's Day.

Watch out! They're sneaking in from all over. Man, last month I said there was one new guitarist in here, only trouble was I had my column turned in too soon. There were actually 'bout four. Now if there was only enough equipment to go around so they could all get together we'd have real groovy sounds coming from the music room. Oh well, just keep wishing and hoping and our day will come!

I hope all my readers are hip enough to listen to that boss radio programme from downtown Kingston each week-day night. That's "Undercurrent" for those not aware. There is a programme that is really boss and when you get down to the real nitty gritty there isn't actually a completely lousy album which they have played. Too bad they didn't devote more air-time to programmes like that. Then you could just lay back all night and soak up the sounds. I think the best album I've heard on there so far was Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band by the Beatles. For an album it sure covered a wide range in musical taste. There was something there for everyone. Another excellent album was the one by the Jimmy Hendrix Experience which contained hit songs such as "Hey Joe," "Foxy Lady," and "Purple Haze." The big thing about this album, for me at any rate is the fact that in addition to the playing, Jimmy wrote all the songs except one himself. There is a guy that is really talented - he's rated as the best lead guitarist in rock music. It is easy to hear why if you listen to him, the sounds he

gets from his guitar are something else again, words just can't explain. He is one performer who has to be heard to be adequately appreciated. Too bad he doesn't put another song on the hit parade, it has been awhile. Of course there is a groovy number of excellent tunes on there now. My own choice for a top ten are:

The Unicorn Song

Irish Rovers

Just Dropped In

The First Edition

Sunshine of Your Love

The Cream

Words

Bee Gee's

Do You Think I Care

Paupers

Too Much Talk

Paul Revere & the Raiders

Lady Madonna

Beatles

Young Girl

Union Gap

Jennifer Echo

Hollies

Candy Rainbow

Lords of London

There is my top ten for this month, actually there are so many good songs out right now that it isn't really fair of the editor to limit me to only ten. One song I think that is going to go back up is the one "Raise Your Hand" by the Bedtime Story. That is a real groovy song. It sure is nice to see so many Canadian groupies making it in the record field nowadays. Before it seemed like every other country except Canada had groups or artists on the top ten. Of course one little fact that they neglected to mention was how many Canadians there were in the various groups, this was mainly because there was not any future for any musician in Canada. It is about time that the talent in this country started to get the attention they deserve.

On thing the editor has suggested to me is including a song with the guitar chords and words each month in my column. I think this is a good idea and it is hoped it may help some of the guitarists in here and seeing as the editor has agreed to let me at his books in order to get material I will start to do that very thing in the next issue. Hope some of you find this column of assistance in some through this.

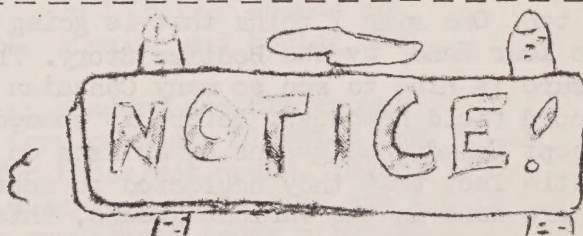
CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS

ACROSS

- | | |
|-----------|-------------|
| 1. Slips | 34. Terns |
| 6. Retold | 36. Sloc |
| 12. Ionic | 38. Hoyle |
| 13. Panic | 41. Eel |
| 14. Liner | 43. Ara |
| 15. Rid | 44. Aloe |
| 16. Car | 45. Betel |
| 17. Et | 47. M. S. |
| 18. Reman | 48. Hid |
| 20. Dumb | 49. Aid |
| 21. Net | 50. Audit |
| 23. Way | 52. Avenges |
| 24. Array | 54. Price |
| 25. Trot | 55. Seller |
| 27. Tsuga | 56. Sever |
| 29. Stile | |
| 31. Nomad | |

VERTICAL

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Silent | 26. Title |
| 2. Loiters | 28. Unset |
| 3. Inn | 30. Lee |
| 4. Pier | 32. Ala |
| 5. Screw | 33. Dormice |
| 6. Rain | 35. Needs |
| 7. End | 37. Easter |
| 8. Ti | 38. Haha's |
| 9. Occur | 39. Olive |
| 10. Llama | 40. Yodel |
| 11. Derby | 42. Leaps |
| 13. Prays | 45. Bier |
| 19. Mater | 46. Lure |
| 20. Drams | 49. Age |
| 22. Tot | 51. Div. |
| 24. Ago | 53. N.L. |



We would like to take this opportunity to draw to your attention again the fact that we do not mail notices of expiry.

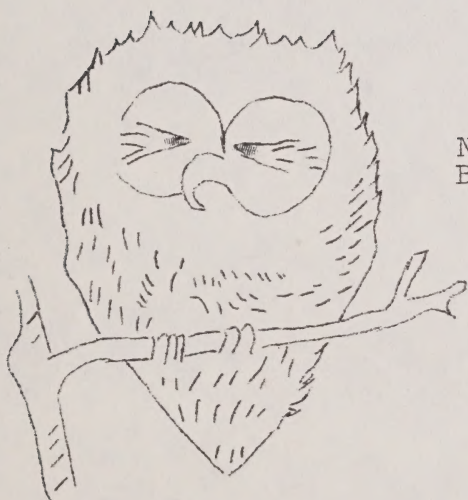
If your subscription is near expiry, or if you feel it is near expiry and you have not renewed it, please do so now. We would hate to lose YOU as a reader.

What people say behind your back is your standing in the community.

E.W. Howe

**

Have you been looking for a magazine
like this?



Now that you have found it,
BE WISE, buy a subscription.

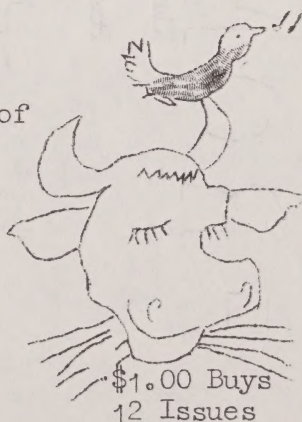
You will find contentment and peace of
mind in it's interesting pages.

Cheque _____

Money Order _____

Name _____

Address _____



F R () M

: The Diamond
Box 190,

Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Authorized as second-class mail

Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

- T ()

Serials Department
University of Toronto Library
TORONTO 5, Ont.